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FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

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For the Herald and Journal.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

I stood between the meeting years—
The coming and the past,
And I asked me of the former one,
Wilt thou be like the last?

The same in many a sleepless night,
In many an anxious day,
Thank Heaven! I have no prophet's eye
To look upon thy way!

For sorrow like a phantom, sits
Upon the last year's close;
How much of grief, how much of ill,
In its dark breast repose!

Shadows of faded hopes fit by,
And ghosts of pleasures fled;
How have they changed from what they were!
Cold, colorless, and dead!

I think on many a wasted hour,
And sicken o'er the void;
And many darker are behind,
And worse than naught employed.

I think on many a once loved friend,
As nothing to me now;
And what can work the lapse of time,
As does an altered bane?

Perhaps 'twas but a careless word
That severed Friendship's chain;
And angry pride stands by each gap,
Lest they unite again.

Less sad, albeit more terrible,
To think upon the dead;
Who, quiet in the lonely grave
Lay down the weary head.

For faith, and hope, and peace, and trust,
Are with their happier lot;
Though broken is their bond of love,
At least we brook it not.

Thus thinking of the meeting years,
The coming and the past,
I needs must ask the future one,
Wilt thou be like the last?

There came a sound, but not of speech:
That to my thoughts replied:
"Misery is the marriage gift
That waits a mortal bride."

"But lift thy hopes from this bad earth,
This waste of earthly care,
And wed thy faith to thy bright sky,
For happiness dwells there."

EVA.

Hillsdale, Jan. 4th, 1850.

For the Herald and Journal.

BOARD OF POPULAR EDUCATION.

This Board has been organized three years. Its objects is, to supply the growing demand for teachers in the West, by female teachers from the East. It has sent one hundred and fifty-two, who have been located in various portions of the West, from Texas to Minnesota. They have been cordially received, and are doing good. More are wanted,—and for various grades of schools, from the "Common" to the "High."

The Board gathers its teachers, semi-annually, in classes, at Hartford, Conn., for the purpose of a short course of preparatory training. The course consists of lectures on the best methods of teaching the various branches; on school government; on moral and religious instruction in schools; on the influence of teachers in the community; on physiology as connected with the preservation of health; examinations of the class upon the lectures in the class; visiting model schools; examinations in the elementary branches; religious exercises, and social meetings. Instruction will also be given in vocal music.

The Board has gathered and sent out, six classes; and the undersigned now invites applications from ladies to form a seventh. Each application should be made by letter from the applicant, addressed to Miss NANCY SWIFT, Northampton, Mass., who is one of a Committee of ladies appointed by the Executive Committee of the Board, for selecting teachers, and who will superintend the preparation of the class. The application should state the age, residence, and religious denomination of the applicant, and the branches in which she is able to instruct; and should be accompanied by testimonials from some reliable sources in regard to her education, natural peculiarities, and moral and religious character. Among the desired qualifications, sound discretion, and decided piety are deemed indispensable. A capacity to lead a school in vocal music, is deemed very important, though not indispensable.

It is desired that the applications be made by the first of March, and earlier if convenient. The accepted applicants [notice] will be given them of their acceptance] will be expected at Hartford on Friday the 15th of March. On their arrival at the Rail Road Depot, they will take hacks to the Orphan Asylum, in Washington Street, the building provided for their reception. The course of instruction will terminate on the 25th of April, when the teachers will leave for their destinations, which will be allotted by the committee of ladies referred to. One purpose of assembling the teacher is, to become acquainted with them, so as the more wisely to determine their respective locations. It is very embarrassing to undertake to assign places to teachers who have not attended the course.

Each teacher will know her destination before leaving Hartford, and will be given the written application, in answer to which she is sent, committed to her, together with a note of introduction to the person who is to receive her. No teacher is sent until a place is provided for her, and an assurance given her, deemed reliable, that she will meet a kind reception and receive a stipulated compensation, such as is deemed adequate to a respectable support.

The teachers will defray their own travelling expenses to Hartford, and will be expected to pay for their board there, at the rate of \$1.50 per week. The course of instruction will be gratuitous. There may be cases of manifest inability on the part of teachers to pay for their board. Let such come, however;—they shall be provided for; but the fact of inability should be stated in the application, and in some testimonial accompanying it. The cases in which we are asked to pay for the board of teachers are becoming less frequent, as the friends of applicants are coming to have more confidence in our enterprise, and are disposed to do it a service by furnishing poor, worthy teachers the means of defraying their expenses to Hartford, and while there.

The Board defrays the expenses of the journeys of the teachers from Hartford to the places of their destination, and furnishes them an escort to those places, or as near to them as prac-

ticeable. It also renders aid to the teachers after their location, in cases of manifest necessity, arising from sickness. The teachers are expected to continue teaching, at least two years, should health permit.

We have sent teachers from various Christian denominations; and desire to continue to do so. It helps to swell the tide of catholic feeling,—to throw into the shade unessential differences among Christians, and bring out into bolder relief the great feature of a living, transforming faith in an atoning Saviour,—the faith that "works by love, and purifies the heart, and overcomes the world."

Uniform testimony is borne by the teachers we have sent, to the great value of the preparatory course of six weeks at Hartford; and it is hoped that no teacher desiring to go out, under our patronage, will fail to be in Hartford in season to go through the entire course.

The undersigned has received urgent applications from the Governor of Oregon, and several other distinguished gentlemen there, (among them the Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, a missionary,) for teachers to be sent to that territory—pledging them a cordial reception and ample compensation for their services. These applications represent that the want of teachers is very great, and that they cannot be obtained there. "The young men (says Mr. Atkinson), have gone to the mines. The opportunities for acquiring wealth are such, as to render it almost hopeless to get intelligent young men for our schools. In this place, (Oregon City,) most of our little girls are at school in the Nunnery, lately established."

The letter of Mr. Atkinson, closes with the moving appeal—"if you do not assist, the Sisters of Charity from Papal Rome will do the work!" O send us some Sisters of Charity from Protestant New England, with whom we can sympathize!"

Such an appeal cannot be resisted; and it is determined to send half a dozen or more teachers to Oregon, as soon as practicable. Two have already offered themselves, and have been accepted. They would have sailed the fore part of the present month, but for the interposition of unexpected obstacles. They will now wait a few months. Meantime it is hoped that some of the teachers of our next class will be willing to join them. The undersigned cannot permit himself to doubt that the friends of Christian Education, and of their country, will cheerfully furnish the means of defraying the extraordinary expense of a compliance with this call from the shores of the Pacific. Contributions for this object, and for the general purposes of our Board, the undersigned takes this occasion to say, may be sent either to Thomas W. Olcott, Esq., Treasurer of the Board, Albany, N. Y., or to the undersigned, at his residence in Middebury, Vermont.

WILLIAM SLADE,
Cor. Sec. and Gen. Agent Board of National Popular Education.
Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 12.

MINISTERS AND POLITICS.

The Kentucky Constitutional Convention has adopted, by a vote of 76 to 17, a provision declaring that Preachers and Ministers of the Gospel shall not be eligible to a seat in the General Assembly.

We do not approve of the above restriction. If the Convention have the right to say that Preachers shall not be eligible to a seat in the Legislature, they have a right to apply the same restriction to any other class or classes—to lawyers, physicians, merchants or planters.

Supposing that a majority of the Kentucky Convention are planters, would it not be highly aristocratic and unjust for them to insert an article in the Constitution declaring that all other classes should be ineligible as legislators? But it is equally aristocratic and unjust in principle to except one class, as to except a dozen classes.

Why not leave the choice of their Representatives to the people of the various districts? There is a general sentiment against electing clergymen to office; but there might be an occasion when it would be well to elect such an one. Granting that a case of the kind would not occur more than once in a hundred years, why tie our own hands by a constitutional enactment?

We see no reason in the nature of things, why the functions of a Minister of the Gospel and of a Legislator are not just as reconcilable as those of a Planter and a Legislator. If a Minister is a worse man than other men, he is not fit to be a Minister; and, if a better man, he is just the man for a Legislator. He is not of course the man to rant and foam and utter party slang, and descend to the lowest trickery to effect party ends; but no man who can descend to such depths of vulgarity and meanness, is fit to occupy a seat in a legislative hall. It is a false idea—false at the very core—that politics are necessarily slimy and corrupt, and that no good man should venture within the circle of their pollution. Politics may often become so, but they are not necessarily so—and politics will never be ennobled, except by honest and true men taking the places of honor now ignorantly abandoned too often to mere adventurers and unprincipled knaves.—Watchman.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

To the Christian man who knows the power of the press, and the charm which literature throws over its creations, it cannot but be cause of great regret that so many of our popular writers, while they speak respectfully of Christianity, seem not to know anything of its vital and experimental power. Except among theologians—in the writings of men who belong to the ministry, and whose subjects are essentially Bible subjects—how little do we find of true religious instruction—or of the recognition of Christianity as the Great Regenerator of morals and the moulder of the happiness and usefulness of man, in the popular writings of the day. It is true that among the living essayists of Europe and of this country, there is respectful mention repeatedly made of Christianity as a Divine system, and a sort of semi-homage rendered the word of God, as the Book of books; but for the practical enforcement of Christian purity, for illustrations of its transforming power, alas! to most of them we look in vain.

We have in these writings, characters frequently presented, in which Virtue shines with resplendent lustre; but Christian principle, as the transforming agent, is nowhere brought to light. The doctrine of human depravity is so humiliating to human wisdom, that men are slow to receive it, and even when they do acknowledge it to themselves, they are wont to conceal it from the world. Christianity is a mere system of philosophy—Christianity in its mere moral teaching—seems to be popular enough; but Christianity and the cross—the Mediator—the Holy Spirit—rebuking human pretensions,

human ability, and human wisdom—these appear to be regarded as mere speculative theories, which may do well enough for expatiations from the pulpit, but which must not be regarded in the estimate of the Christianity of our literature. The truth is, except from theological writers, as such, there is very little Christian Literature in our language. And it is greatly to be deplored.

If such men as we might mention by scores, and who now command the eyes and ears of the masses of literary readers in Europe and America, were fired with such a spirit as dwelt in Wilberforce, they might, without assuming the stern gravity of the author of the "Practical View," infuse a charm into their writings such as genius alone can never breathe, and secure an influence for permanent good such they have not paused in the midst of the perusal of some volume stored with gems of thought from genius unsanctified, and reflected upon what glorious uses such talent might serve, were Christ and his religion experimentally enthroned in the heart of the author! O! if these brilliant men but knew the extent of privilege indicated in the scriptural phrase, "Christ in you the hope of glory," what a flood of usefulness might they be instrumental in diffusing over the world, to the destruction of false hopes and foolish theories!—Methodist Protestant.

For the Herald and Journal.
PENSEES DETACHEES.
PRIDE.

We are informed, in mythic story, of a Hydra, dwelling in the Serene marsh, whose head being severed from his body, by the club of Hercules, gave place immediately to many more. This fable affords not an unfit emblem of pride. It has become enthroned in the human heart, where it sways a sceptre of magical, mysterious power.

We refuse and mortify it, we crush and bruise it; but still it lives and maintains an exulting triumph. Pride, too, is everywhere preserved. The family, the nursery, the college, have become infected by its subtle and deadly poison.

It revels in the hovels of the poor and the wigwam of the savage, as well as amid the mansions of the great and the distinctions of place and power.

It flaunts in the rags and filth of the beggar not less than in the silken robes and gay attire of the opulent and noble. It is a universal deity, indigenous in every clique peopled by the descendants of Adam. It boils in the fevered veins of the South, and congeals with the sluggish blood of the North.

No human power can exterminate it; death even falls in the conflict; and this vice follows the lifeless remains through the portals of the tomb. It puts on the pale habiliments of the grave, and paints its undying youth upon the elegant coffin and splendid funeral regalia.

Unwilling yet to relinquish its victim, it entwines itself about the tomb, and blooms and rejoices in the brilliant flowers, the sparkling ornaments, the gilded marble.

Pride! It presumes to enter the temple of God—enters the sacred desk—discourses of truth and godliness—assumes a sanctimonious visage—infuses itself into the most spiritual visages—mingles with the holiest meditations, and pollutes the sacred offerings on the altar of the Lord.

Yea, it rejoices in the exercise of benevolence—imparts bread to the hungry—raiment to the naked—visits the afflicted, the bondman, the prisoner. It is in labors more abundant, than in stripes, in bonds, in prisons.

It refuses to expire. The solemnities of a dying hour, the impending curse of the Almighty, the purgatorial fires, are unable to eradicate a disease that has become so closely allied to our nature.

It becomes all things to all men in a bad sense. It is edified in the teachings of the sanctuary, the labors of benevolence, and even gath'rs nourishment from the ashes of martyrs.

Among the last day-dreams of Sammy Hick, the Village Blacksmith, he said, "there will be a thousand people at my funeral."

An ancient monarch declared himself "willing to die to see the people mourn over him."

O man! there is but one moment when you die to catch the astonished gaze of the multitude, and that is a moment when it can give you no gratification.

For the Herald and Journal.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

The following paragraph from a Biographical Sketch in the Massachusetts Teacher for August, is so graphic a picture of what most Yankees born have seen with their eyes, that we are sure none of this class will question its genuineness.

We know a farmer who probably never had five year's schooling in his life; yet many are the "hymns for the occasion" that he has furnished for the merry Thanksgivings at which his numerous and well-reared progeny assemble. We have seen worse poetry in magazines.

"The two-story white house, the home of my chosen early friend, stands a few rods back from the street, on what used to be the great stage-road from Hartford to Albany. The olive plants, once so beautiful around that table, are now nearly or quite all transplanted, some to other climates, some to the paradise above. It was pleasant when they were not yet scattered, to see them gather around the blazing hearth, and engage in their homely domestic avocations. I have seen brothers and sisters, mother and sire, hired man and visitor, assembled of an evening. The tall candles burned brightly on the little stand. The bushel-basket of apples stood beside the father. He turned the paring machine, while all the rest of the circle, save one, quartered, cored, or strung. That one read the last speech in Congress, or an instructive book; any one of the circle, and the head of the family especially and frequently, breaking the thread of the discourse, to inquire what the writer meant, to expose the fallacy of the reasoning, or to point out doctrines or sentiments worthy of all approbation. It was an honor to any author to be read in that kitchen. Day by day, in their rural home, each of those children was storing up thoughts which have since been the nuclei for many others to cluster about. They were fastening pegs upon which to hang a thousand other facts and ideas. They know not how much they owe to their good father. The best prayer I can offer for them is, that they may be as useful in their generation as he has been in his."

For the Herald and Journal.

PEN PORTRAITS.

MR. EDITOR:—As one of the readers of the Ladies' Repository, I would venture to express an opinion, while so many do the same, with your approbation. Not am I alone in the opinion which is now laid before you. I express my admiration of the Ladies' Repository, in whole and in all parts, save that of the pen portraits, by Mr. West. In some respects I am pleased. His volume on the whole is well written, and I am not so well pleased. His volume on the distinguished persons in the ministry of our sister transatlantic church is quite readable to most readers, while to the critical, and those acquainted with the history of these men and that church, it is very obnoxious to criticism.

Here I would transcribe several reasons for my want of admiration of these efforts in the Ladies' Repository.

1. They make larger demands on the modesty of some of our humble great men than any innocent writer is in prudence entitled, unless they have personally invited his achievements as a biographer, or he has obtained their permission; and then in either case, his task should be deferred to the decease of the man whose character and portraiture are to be given to the public.

2. As this writer's book is not quite immaculate, so we remark respecting these pen portraits. They are obnoxious to a kindred objection, on the ground that we are better acquainted with the excellencies, the defects, the peculiarities, and the eccentricities, and indeed the whole characters of these distinguished men than this writer appears himself to be.

3. Taking the first in the Repository as a specimen of those to be forthcoming, we must regard them as composed of snatches and fragmentary collations, such as we would expect to find among the journal incidents of a hasty traveller, who, in his tour through the country, has fallen upon a chance volume of "travels in the East," or been detained in some city, say Philadelphia, and caught a sermon from a Dr. of Divinity.

4. It seems to your correspondent, that they also savor somewhat of Boswellism. I do not know what reason could persuade a great man to take the place and share the fame connected with the published flatteries and oglings attached to the names of Dr. Johnson and Goethe.

5. They also appear to be partial, and do not answer their name, for they place the peculiarities of these men so prominently to the reader's mind, that the whole and better parts are mutilated or wholly omitted.

6. These pen portraits may yet be the cause of some evil or misunderstanding, some controversy or ill-bred criticism. In a book by themself, we differ in our views. We differ from him in respect to Mr. West's articles. They will, we think, be not only entertaining, but cautiously and properly prepared by the skillful pen of Mr. West. This is our opinion, but we accord to "Robertus" full liberty to differ in this.

ROBERTUS.

We admit "Robertus'" article as we do many others not concordant with our own views. We differ from him widely in respect to Mr. West's articles. They will, we think, be not only entertaining, but cautiously and properly prepared by the skillful pen of Mr. West. This is our opinion, but we accord to "Robertus" full liberty to differ in this.

STRUCTURE OF THE EARTH.

Philosophers of all ages have had some theory of the structure of the earth and the changes which it undergoes. But the former process of searching for facts to support theories, instead of making theories submit to facts, was, if possible, a greater hindrance to the discovery of truth in this department of knowledge than in any other. Many theories were so extravagant that common sense laughed at them, and the subject was turned to ridicule. And not till fifty years ago were facts sufficiently classified to dignify that department of knowledge with the title of science. Prof. Silliman tells us that in 1805 he packed the entire cabinet of Yale College into a small portable box, and carried it with him to Philadelphia to have the specimens named by Dr. Leybert, who had just arrived from the mining school of Germany. Knowledge now possessed by every school-boy was then hidden alike from the philosopher and the child. But since that time, no science has made greater progress; in no science has there been so much research, so many facts collected, so many difficulties overcome, so many conflicting theories

Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1850.

HOW SHALL IT BE DONE!

Brethren urge us to continue our remarks on "Necessitous Cases," and ask what course is to be taken in the Conferences to secure the idea we have contended for, viz., that the sufferings of the necessitous cases should cease at once, and finally among us? Our answer to this question would comprise several particulars:

1. Let the necessities cases be accurately ascertained, and put in a category distinct from all other claimants.

2. Let the amount, not of the nominal claim but of the actual necessity, of each case be ascertained as well as may be. There should be no delicacy in making the necessary inquiries, and there are pretty sure indirect as well as direct means of ascertaining it.

3. The aggregate amount being thus estimated and discriminated, it will, in most of our New England Conferences, be found not to surpass the ability of the societies, especially if we resolutely determine to secure it by repeated endeavors if need be. Let the Conference then look fully and soberly at the necessary amount, and deliberately resolve that it shall be raised.

It is a matter of solemn and affecting obligation—there is no logic, no evasion, no other necessity of our cause whatever that can justify the neglect of this—a neglect that must inflict want and suffering on the declining years of the men who have founded our Zion, and on their widows and orphan children; such an evil ought not to be, and therefore need not be. Whatever is a duty is practicable. Let the pledge be made to these men, that henceforth they shall suffer no more among us; let the pledge be made to all their successors that henceforth such suffering shall be unknown in our Conferences. It will cheer our veteran fathers through what of life remains to their pilgrimage; it will put new confidence, and hopefulness and spirit into our whole ministry; it will dispel from off it an incubus the most dreary, paralyzing one that depresses it; and it will add at once to both the respectability and the self-respect of the denomination.

Thus far the proposal looks desirable enough certainly, but the conception of a scheme like this is much easier than its practical realization; and doubtless many now reading these lines and admiring the affecting character of the claims, and even the absolute obligation of it, are ready to pass over our article with the abrupt conclusion that the design is impracticable, that it will fail, as have so many schemes among us. Alas for our irresolution and want of faith! Fail it may indeed, but so far as assured that this very stupidity of purpose will be the chief reason of its failure, as it is of most of our other failures. We soberly believe it need not fail; may we believe that the church would hail with gladness the proposed resolution. This is a popular cause among our societies, and we need but a well digested and determined plan to secure their hearty co-operation for it. Let us have such a plan then, and let it be adopted with such deliberation, formality and even solemnity as will show that it is not expected to turn out a failure.

4. The Conference committee appointed to make the above estimate, should then with the Presiding Elders assess the amount on the Districts, and the District Stewards on the stations and circuits.

5. The collections for the purpose should take precedence of all other benevolent efforts in our societies; we will not stop to argue here this point; we assume it as unquestionable. The collections for missions, Sunday Schools, Bibles, how can these but put in competition with the paramount obligation of these claims? It should be understood then that this must be raised, whatever becomes of the others. All others we believe would be more vigorously sustained if the support of our ministry were first made secure. This collection then should come on in the first quarter. That may not be the best time for financial efforts in some parts of our work, but it will enable us to repeat the effort should there be a deficit. At the end of the first tour of the Presiding Elder he will have ascertained the aggregate collected in the several societies. If there is a deficit, let him announce it and appoint a further effort in the next quarter, and thus let the collection be repeated till the amount is absolutely secured.

If we start with the determination that it must be raised, the will will amply to it heartily; and we verily believe that an interest, and enthusiasm even, might be associated with such a project which would bear it triumphantly through any necessary repetitions.

This is about the outline of our thoughts on the subject. Two things are requisite to bring it fairly out. First, let us expound and discuss the design with our people before the Conferences. Introduce it into the Quarterly Conferences, not for formal action, but for preparatory conversation. State there the sufferings of our beloved fathers, and ask the question whether we, preachers and people, shall at once and forever put an end to their afflictions? We have altogether mistaken our people if they will not respond warmly to the design. Secondly, let the Presiding Elders fix upon some capable brethren, men skillful in financial figures, who may prepare the data for the measure before the Conference meets, so that there need not be hurry and impetuosity in its determination.

Finally, we think that some such arrangement, adopted with the deliberation and determination we propose, would form an epoch in our history. It will be a glorious day for our cause when it can be said that no Methodist preacher in these Conferences suffers any more from a deficient support. It will give a new impulse to all our interests. Our ministers are virtually the agents of all those interests; the agent must be sustained if his work is to be sustained. Some of our Conferences have adopted plans similar to this; let them not be discouraged if they find difficulties at first. Push forward the noble object, and sooner or later God's blessing and the people's zeal will establish it.

Necessitous Cases.

We had just written the last word in the preceding article when we opened the following letter:—

DEAR BRO. STEVENS.—Yesterday I presented the subject of the "necessitous cases" before the congregation in this place in a short sermon in the forenoon, telling the people to go home and lay the subject before the Lord, and in the afternoon I should ask them to give me ten dollars, the amount assessed upon this society. The afternoon came—the boxes were passed round, and on counting we found we had taken up between sixteen and seventeen dollars. There are, probably, but few societies in this Conference more oppressed with pecuniary burdens than this. By the way, I heard last week that a brother in a neighboring city presented the subject before his congregation and asked for twenty-five dollars, and the people very readily contributed forty. I mention these things that others may see how easy the thing may be done, that they may be provoked to love and good works.

PROVISION CONFERENCE.

Now we doubt not that similar results would follow generally if the object is rightly presented—rightly presented we say, for much depends upon that. We will fearlessly throw out the suggestion that our large hearted lay brethren should call a grand convention of New England Methodists, and project the whole business themselves. They esteem their pastors and know that they are self-sacrificing and in many instances suffering men, and we believe if they should undertake this really noble design they would accomplish it.

OLD LIGHT STREET CHURCH.

The Light Street Methodist Church in Baltimore is one of the antiquities of Methodism; it has recently been renovated. The Baltimore correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate says that:

After undergoing sundry repairs, to accommodate it to the style of modern improvements, was reopened on the 23d inst. Bishop J. Jones preached in the morning, and Dr. Hodges at night. As might have been expected, the discourse greatly interested the audience. The repair, it is believed, cost \$3,200—\$1,200 of which had to be encountered upon the reopening occasion. Before the evening services closed collections and subscriptions covered the whole amount. A great change has been made in the old sanctuary. The pulpit has been all new and admirably arranged; the floor has been laid several feet, the walls and ceiling beautifully frescoed, and a handsome vestibule. In fact, friends from a distance will scarcely recognize in "the mother of all," so symmetrically proportioned as she is now, is the acquaintance of former years. May she have a congregation so worship within her walls for generations to come.

A CORRECTION.

Plainfield, Vt., Jan. 16, 1850.
BRO. HARD.—Please stop your paper on the receipt of this. I will pay you the balance due at Conference. My reasons are these: 1. I understand, that though the Boston Wesleyan Association have paid for their outlay in establishing the paper, both principal and interest, yet that they are yearly paid a sum equal to the interest of the original sum, so that there is no real expense to us. If this is so, the Herald has every week proclaimed a falsehood, not to say a lie, in saying "the Association publish it without any fee, or reward whatever, for their services." If you will assure me on the acknowledgement of one of these that it is not a falsehood, and the quotation from the Herald is true and not a falsehood, you may send it if you like. If not, stop it. Yours Respectfully, H. T. JONES.

We publish the above for the sake of appending a few remarks. Our Bro. Jones says he "understands," &c; of course he means that he has been informed of the legal facts. There has evidently been an adversary at work in this matter, and we inform our good brother (not for the sake of keeping his name, for we can spare that if he wishes us) that his informant has told him "a falsehood, not to say lie." There is not a word of truth in the imputation, not a word direct or indirect; it is sheer and utter falsehood—false as it is ungenerous in view of the liberal exertions of the brethren alluded to, for the support of the organ and interests of our common Methodism. It is one of those mean and contemptible machinations by which a certain class of troublers of Israel seek to undermine or counterwork the more responsible men or measures of the church; troublers that every good man among us who loves our common cause should seek out, ferret out and bring to repentance, or brand them as reprobate adversaries of our godly brotherhood. The brethren who compose the Association are among the oldest and most efficient members of the church in Boston, most of the purest character, under whose auspices our churches here have arisen. They started the Herald for the public good, under the sanction of the Conferences in New England, (when these Conferences were but one or two,) they assumed the whole pecuniary responsibility (and those who know any thing of such publications know it is a serious one) of the project when it was yet untried; in the day of the church's trial, when the subscription list could not sustain the publication, they did not shrink, but borrowed money on their own responsibility, to carry it on. Its subsequent success has reflected upon them of this liability; but they have not received a cent of remuneration for their trouble from the beginning to this day, except a gratuitous copy of the paper. Meanwhile they have managed the paper with a strict care and thorough economy as the history of any other sheet in the land can present. They have paid off its debts, made dividends to the Conferences, repeatedly improved and enlarged it, and at last reduced its terms beneath those of any other paper of its character in New England. They deserve honor from all these Conferences, for they have acquitted themselves like men in the greatest responsibility which the church has reposed in their hands. We speak these strong words in respect to them, not merely because we know them well, and know that they merit them, but because that we do abhor from our hearts the plottings and unscrupulous intermeddling of such heartless men who injure important public interests, for the sake of their personal jealousy and pride.

THE WESLEYAN AGITATION.

One of the most painful examples of sectarian cupidity ever exhibited, is seen in the avidity with which some of the dissenting denominations of England and the Calvinists of this country encourage the agitations which are now tearing the Wesleyan Connection in England. Their temples are open to the agitators, their leading men are occupying the platform at their public meetings, and their clergy and people are hailing with acclamations the march of desolation. Both engravings are superb—the English as a larger and more finished production, we commend, to such as can afford its higher price; the American we commend to all who would have an excellent edition of the same scene on a smaller scale and at a cheaper rate. There is room enough in the market for both, and mutual disengagement is not requisite for the success of either. Sartain's plate is published by Ball, Philadelphia, at \$2.50, with 40 per cent discount to agents.

THE LIBERIA COLONY.

The *Congregational Journal*, published at Concord, N. H., reported last week the absurd misrepresentation of the relative standing of the Methodists and other sects in England, which appeared sometime ago in the *Christian Intelligencer*: a misrepresentation that has been amply corrected since its first publication, by unquestionable English authority, in the *New York Commercial and other papers*. It is extravagantly false throughout. Why is it that our "Orthodox" papers, so called, seize on everything of the kind to disparage their Methodist brethren? They do so wantonly and incessantly, and (we say unhesitatingly) they do it without provocation; for our papers certainly do not imitate their heartless example. In this day of fraternal pretences these things are intolerable. Notwithstanding the flagitious misrepresentation of the *Intelligencer* has been utterly refuted by English authorities in several American papers, religious and secular, not one of the Calvinistic papers which copied it, has, so far as we have seen, referred to the correction. The fact is becoming more and more painfully manifest, that whatever individual instances of Christian courtesy Methodists may meet among Calvinists, as a church we are still considered by them an intolerable body of heretics. We regret it, but if it must so we have a right to demand one thing at least,—we demand frankness on the part of our opponents. Let us not be cajoled by fraternal professions to-day, and refused the respect demanded by common courtesy to-morrow. If our Calvinistic brethren wish to recognize us as Christian kindred, our hands are extended and open to grasp them in undiminished fidelity; if they think us reproaches, let them stand aloof from us as they ought. We will pursue our course without their favor, till we meet them in that world where we hope to convince them that we deserve it.

GOOD NEWS.

The *Montpelier Messenger* says:—In several appointments in this Conference and in that portion of the Troy Conference within the bounds of this State, the societies are now enjoying precious seasons of revival. The academies at Newbury, West Poultney, and Springfield—where so many of the youth are receiving an intellectual training—will weep for the slave trade, we are glad to see such abolitionists as Guy helping it, and hope it will have the hearty though vigilant patronage of the friends of the African.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT.

The Governor of Ohio uses plain and uncompromising language on the subject of slavery. He says: "I would rather see the slaves freed than have the Union dissolved."

BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

This institution begins its term to-day—through some of its students will be detained away sometime yet by their schools. The Institute has attained a strong hold on the confidence of our people; its Faculty is efficient and most laborious; its discipline and instructions thoroughly Methodistic, and its noble hand of young men a rich promise to our Zion. We would bespeak the prayers of the church for it, and would exhort our young preachers, whose circumstances will admit, to flock to its consecrated walls; they will meet there not only good teachers but the Holy Spirit sent down from heaven.

RIGHTLY SAID.

We remarked lately that our statesmen in Congress should cease to cover before the Southern menaces of disunion, and demand that they cease to disturb the national counsels. An indignant repulsion of these brag menaces would soon silence them. We are glad to notice that one of our New England representatives has spoken out on the subject in the right tones. Governor Cleveland, of Connecticut, thus addressed the patriotic nullifiers:—"We of the North shall exhibit no passion on this subject; but we have rights—the cause of liberty claims upon us, and asking but what is clearly right, and coolly determining what that is, the North will be as firm and immovable in maintaining it as are the foundations of the hills upon which we live. We love and cherish the Union, and the South as a part of the Union. Our fathers fought together the fight of the Revolution under the command of their great Southern captain, and together triumphed. We are enjoying the fruits of that triumph. What is the apology for this exhibition of bitter sectional feelings?—What does the South ask of the North? That we shall forget that we are freemen—representatives of freemen? That we should yield our opinions, our principles to their dictation? This cannot be. Republican government rests upon the people, expressed by majorities. As might have been expected, the discourse greatly interested the audience. The repair, it is believed, cost \$3,200—\$1,200 of which had to be encountered upon the reopening occasion. Before the evening services closed collections and subscriptions covered the whole amount. A great change has been made in the old sanctuary. The pulpit has been all new and admirably arranged; the floor has been laid several feet, the walls and ceiling beautifully frescoed, and a handsome vestibule. In fact, friends from a distance will scarcely recognize in "the mother of all," so symmetrically proportioned as she is now, is the acquaintance of former years. May she have a congregation so worship within her walls for generations to come.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

The editor of the *New Haven Times*, Bauer, in publishing so much of the recent administration of Gov. Crittenden, of Kentucky, as relates to the exciting moment when Mr. Calhoun and other Southern politicians have raised against the Wilcox Proviso and the New Territories, accompanied it with the strongest possible expression of commendation, and says in conclusion: "We do not speak with any heat, but when we should that time even come (say Heaven willing) the moral, awful hour!" when this Union will be placed in jeopardy. *Tennesse* too, side by side with Kentucky, "will stand by and abide by the Union to the last."

This is patriotically said; and all men who speak otherwise in the North or South, should be branded as traitors to the highest obligations of patriotism, and recreants to the old honor of the country. It is one of the saddest indications of these perverse times, that eminent statesmen are allowed to hold up their heads among us after once uttering the shout of disunion. Surely the primitive spirit of the country is dying out. The Hartford Conventionists were condemned to political death for their opinions; what ought to be the fate of men who, for the sake of the infamous evil of slavery, demand the overthrow of their country? If we properly appreciated the Union, such men would be consigned to irretrievable reprobation.

* DEATH OF WESLEY.

Sartain's engraving of the death of Wesley has come to hand. In noticing the English plate lately, with deserved commendation, we referred to the general disengagement of Sartain's engraving by the press. So emphatic indeed was this disengagement that it looked suspicious to us; we therefore declined pronouncing our opinion till we should see the condemned copy. Now that it lays before us we are prepared in all frankness to risk our opinion most decidedly in its favor. We pronounce it a good production, the merits of which would not have been questioned had there been no competing influences against it. The head of Wesley—the chief point of objection by the critics—is, we unhesitatingly say, more congruous to the whole scene represented than that of the original picture. Its expression is serene and saintly. The English plate is larger, and in most respects better. Mr. Sartain's is a copy on a diminished scale and designed for a cheaper price. But taking it at what it pretends to be, it will recommend itself to all correct judges as an excellent production. We have no motive whatever for any partiality in the case. Both engravings are superb—the English as a larger and more finished production, we commend, to such as can afford its higher price; the American we commend to all who would have an excellent edition of the same scene on a smaller scale and at a cheaper rate. There is room enough in the market for both, and mutual disengagement is not requisite for the success of either.

Correspondence.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Rhinebeck.—The Garrison Family—An Autograph Letter of John Wesley—"Modern Improvements"—Fine Plains Circuit, N. Y. Conference—Subscriptions and Donations to Biblical Institute Library.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS.—With your permission I would be glad to communicate through the Herald, to the friends of the Biblical Institute some account of my travel during the vacation, in behalf of the library of the institution. You will permit me also to note a few things by the way, which I trust will be interesting to your readers.

My first visit was to Rhinebeck, N. Y. Conference. Rhinebeck will be remembered among Methodists as the residence of that veteran among our earliest ministers, Rev. Freeborn Garrettson. His excellent wife, Mrs. Catharine Garrettson, died in July last, at the advanced age of 96 years. Her praise is in the mouths of all that know her. Especially is she remembered by the many weary itinerants who have found rest from their toils in her hospitable mansion. These kind offices are now performed all their simplicity and beauty by the intelligent and pious daughter, Miss Mary Garrettson. She put into my hands five portraits of various letters of John Wesley. They were written to Rev. Freeborn Garrettson at dates of Dublin, June 26, 1785, London, Sept. 30, 1786, Macclesfield, July 16, 1787, another dated Chester, 1789, and the last is dated London, Feb. 3, 1790. Each of these letters except the last may be found published in Dr. Bangs' Life of Garrettson. I do not remember to have seen print in print.

London, Feb. 3, 1790.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Two or three weeks ago I had the pleasure of a letter from you, dated Aug. 23, 1790, giving me a comfortable account of the swift and extensive progress of the work of God in America. You likewise informed me you had written an account of your life, and that it would be sent to me from that day ever since, but have now almost given over my expectation.

For us it comes now it will hardly overtake me in the present world. Time is shaking me by the roots; I do not remember to have seen print in print.

Yours affectionately and truly,

J. WESLEY.

Other autograph letters of the worthies of Methodism, Miss Garrettson has in her collection which greatly interested me as several of Dr. Coke, one of Dr. Adam Clark, one of Mr. Benson, and one of Mr. Richard Weston. But you admonish me, I must not spend too much time on these matters. Suffice it then to say that this gallery of autographs of wise and good men, both of Europe and America, afforded me a gratification worth going hundreds of miles to enjoy.

We must not omit to mention that we had the privilege of worshipping with the Methodists of Rhinebeck on the Sabbath after our arrival, both morning and evening. Families were seated together, and the music was aided and enlivened by the tones of a scrapine. We were glad to see these "modern improvements," and glad also to learn that the fathers who had worshipped here in the days of Garrettson were not offended. Let us keep to the rule, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

After a few days of pleasant sojourn, I left this people with many kind wishes for the prosperity of the Biblical Institute, and about 26 dollars of subscriptions and cash for our library. Among the subscribers I may mention the names of Rev. Stephen Schuyler, Miss Mary Garrettson and Freeborn Garrettson, Esq.

Our next visit was to Pines Circuit, now under the pastoral charge of Rev. T. Ellis, who has greatly endeared himself to his people by his faithful ministerial labors and his fine social qualities. Here in 1846-7 we passed the happiest year of our itinerant life.

"Much people" during the year was added to the Lord." Of course we had many pleasant greetings. But the Biblical Institute must not be forgotten; when the brethren and sisters were made acquainted with the principal object of my visit they not only subscribed liberally, but gave us collections in the churches. We received upwards of 30 dollars in cash and subscriptions. I ought to mention the names of Bro. Milton Smith and Col. Silas Harris as having contributed largely to this subscription. As my sheet is about full I will reserve the rest for another letter or two. Yours truly,

STEPHEN M. VAIL

Concord, N. H.

ALBANY CORRESPONDENCE.

An hour in the State Geological Room—Prof. Lindsey—Rev. L. Lindsey—Botanical and Antiquarian remains from the basic field of "Bomia" Height—Bullets—Guineas and other coin—Death of Gen. Frazer.

Albany, Jun. 22, 1850.

Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

For the Herald and Journal.

COOKSVILLE.

Fair down in a valley, away from the rude
Busy world, in nature's own sweet quietude,
Fair Cooksville is seen;
Like a wood-symph or queen,
It reigneth alone in the wild solitude.

"Tis like the snug nest that the summer bird weaves,
In the dense shady thicket among the green leaves.

When morning appears,

The sun peepeth over the mountainous height,
And suddenly floodeth the valley with light;

And night with its tears,

Its pure balmy tears, and its diamond eyes,
Comes so early it takes the whole place by surprise!

It's slight whirling eddies forever at play!

O does it not seem

In its pebbly bed?

Like a silvery thread

That linketh together the tall mountains gray?

Bright rivelst, dast thou not murmur and fret

When that brown paper-mill on thy bosom was set?

Say, dost thou not long, undisturbed and serene,

To wander at will through the shady ravine,

And say thy "adieu" to the tireless machine?

The lofty hills hide

With their towering pride

The deep lovely dell;

But do they not shiel

The bower and the field

When storms wildly swell?

Fair Cooksville! sweet nook of the mountains! how blest!
In thy vale might the world-wary wanderer rest;
The great book of nature spread open before him,
The measureless skies bending lovingly o'er him;
O, who at the sorrows of life would repine,
Were his earthly asylum as peaceful as thine?

HARMONY.

Hebron, Conn.

MAN! THOU SHALT NEVER DIE.

O, listen, man!

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"MAN, THOU SHALT NEVER DIE!" Celestial voices
Hymn around our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality;
O, listen, ye our spirits! drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
Is floating in Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with a silent step
Comes to us and breathes it in our ears.

DANA.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE DANDIES REBUKED.

ON THE OLD SURTOUT.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which runs between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Princess street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which puffed away with a marvellous compunction. Besides me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of this youthful mourner and her baby indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their coarseness. On the other side of the widow sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtou was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand—so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability, were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstorphine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it into the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly into the centre, guard," said one of the dandies. "Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion. "It may capsize the coach," rejoined the first, a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town of Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half pence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same when the young gentleman in the surtou laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropped a half-crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. "Showing off, Jack," said the one. "Ay, ay, as surely at our last benefit, you know, rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse-laugh. At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

We had not left Upland many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower.

The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtou, surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her there was every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak. "It will protect you so far," said he, "and at all events, it will protect the baby."

The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that she should be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer from the want of it himself. He assured her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather. "His surtou won't spoil," said one of the dandies, in a voice of affected tenderness, "and besides, my dear, the cloak will hold you both." The widow blushed; and the young gentleman turning quickly around, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I shall never forget. "I am not naturally quarrelsome, sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both the exquisites immediately turned as pale as death; shrank in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance; and they scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime, the young gentleman with the same politeness and delicacy, as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl,

proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this when a smart shower of rain, mingled with hail, commenced. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelope and protect my head, I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he readily accepted, but held it, as I remarked, in a manner better calculated to defend the widow than himself.

When we reached West Craig's Inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain had ceased; and the young gentleman, politely returning me the umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach, and afterwards hung it on the railing to dry, then turning to the widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles, sir, sir. I leave the coach six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell therabouts?"

"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I am on the way to my father's house."

"Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly, "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he is himself in poverty—a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H——."

At the mention of this nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. "What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, sir."

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbon."

"Well, I trust, that though desolate so far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the Father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"Oh yes, sir, I bless God, that through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the Gospel. My husband, too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you, be assured we will."

By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange expressive looks with one another; and at one time, the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words, "Methodist Parson," alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; when we got about half-way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a cross road, where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant from her arms, and then, along with the guard, assisted her to descend. "May God reward you," she said, as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and the fatherless this day."

"And may he bless you," replied he, "with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus!"

So saying, he slipped something into her hand; but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be dishonest as to take advantage of him; remember him who told us to do others to us; we would others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; I am poor, but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, O! let us share, also, his trust, and his goodness in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation; but God's will be done, should we die in doing it. Yes, my boy, trust God, and walk in his ways, and you shall never be put to shame. Now, run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes."

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No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in a rapid motion towards the great emporium of the West of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge by the expression of his fine countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with blank amazement. They also had seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to think that there was more under a shabby surtou than their "puppy brains" could easily conjecture. That in this they were right, was speedily made manifest.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open traveling carriage, drawn by four beautiful horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; and my neighbor David, the fat dressler, spoke the truth, when he said, thou wert the honestest man in the town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasures—and, certes, it is not small—it is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!"

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his arm about his neck, and said:

"I shall always like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and—"

"Silence, my child; put me not to shame by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money."

The baker had been gazing alternately on the honest father and the eager boy, and the gold which lay glittering on the green turf.

"Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; and my neighbor David, the fat dressler, spoke the truth, when he said, thou wert the honestest man in the town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasures—and, certes, it is not small—it is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!"

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"Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker; and my neighbor David, the fat dressler, spoke the truth, when he said, thou wert the honestest man in the town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold. A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me as a customer this morning; as thou wouldst not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last penny in thy purse; and the loaf with all its treasures—and, certes, it is not small—it is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!"

The poor father bent his head to the ground, while tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his arm about his neck, and said:

"I shall always like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

"My father, baker, is very poor, and—"

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